

## INDICT JACKSON

## FOR HOOD DEATH

Grand Jury Holds Self-Confessed Criminal on

**Confessed Criminal on  
Murder Charge.**

James Henry Jackson, whom the police accuse of being responsible for the death of Miss Lillian Hood, who was shot at her home, 1337 L

street northwest, on the morning of January 24, 1934, after the body died, was indicted by the grand jury yesterday on a charge of murder in the first degree.

According to the police, Jackson is a white man who attacked two other women, shooting one and choking the other on the same morning. He was arrested by Detective Patrick J. Connelley after a search lasting a week and is said to have confessed his crime.

Others indicted and the charges against them are:

Adolph Beasly, with dangerous weapon—Bernice Beasley, Ella Hill, John R. Weissmiller, James Brown, William S. Lester, and Walter Gauden.

Roberby—George Brown, George V. Brown, Frederick Casson, Marshall Lyles, Dora Davis, Bertha Manley, William Murphy, Bessie Potter and Rose Green.

Persons with intent to kill—William H. Smith.

I caught the naive admiration which Bob excited in the young women. My soldier-husband was a splendid human specimen, and he looked perfectly stunning in his uniform with its officer's-service and wound stripes.

He was the kind of a man whom women pursue openly and stalk covertly. I walked beside him realizing that I was the only girl who had rendered to any other girl without a struggle, and knowing also that things would turn out exactly as Margie Thomas had said. I was sure that some girl would invent a way to compel Bob Lorimer to make love to her. And I had to own up that in many such competition, I—the wife—must win.

When we reached the street Bob asked:

"Going home, Jane?"

"Remembered the electric I was using with 'M. T.' in gold on the door panel. How Bob loathed 'Queen of Smiles'! He could not be permitted to put me into that car."

"It's a hell of a thing to do first," said Bob.

And, "Good-by!" I held out my hand—and I could not keep back the tears.

"Good-by, the master Jock!"

Bob looked at me, and looked through me. I thought, as if queer ghosts of dead longings might be struggling somewhere in his brain. Then his expression changed to one of puzzling interest in the moment.

"I'm all right, Bob," I said sharply, and I turned into the big department store next the hotel while Bob moved down the street toward his father's office.

I bought a little gift for Mary Thomas, and then drove out to her

terrace.

"Mary!" I exclaimed—but I couldn't say any more. I threw my hat on a chair and myself on the couch and buried my face in its pillows and settled myself for an exhausting cry.

(To Be Continued.)

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